

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXVI.

NEW YORK THURSDAY AUGUST 1 1907.

NUMBER 31

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

THE MAN WITH THE POCKET BOOK.

The happened to catch sight of his reflection in the plate glass window of one of the stores, he was passing, and for a second he failed to recognize the reflection as his own. Unquestionably he looked what he was, penniless, disreputable, dejected. His chin and cheeks were untidy with the stubble of a week's growth of beard. His hair grown long, had lost its vitality and bordered his coat collar with frowsy ends. His clothes hung loosely on his big frame, worn gaunt and thin by hardship and privation.

He was without an overcoat. He had pawned it so that he might buy food and shelter for a few days more. When he parted with his overcoat, he felt he was parting with the last link that held him to an appearance of respectability, and he didn't leave.

The sight of his reflection in the plate glass window told him something he had not realized before. He was one of the submerged, one of the poverty jests of whom he had heard and sometimes, in his prosperous days, had helped when their misery was brought to his attention. Then he had not understood what that misery actually meant; now he knew.

He was hungry, cold, without shelter or money. He knew not where he could turn for relief. Despair dragged at his heels, clutched his shoulders and turned his face sullen.

He had passed through the process of dropping down a peg at a time. And he had passed through it almost carelessly, never dreaming that the worst had come to him, Dick Alvord, while he was yet young and strong.

Finally he had reached a point where he was keenly alive to but one thing—and that was his physical suffering. He had become slowly brutalized and it was showing upon his face. He had searched for work and there was no work. Desperation had throttled his pride, and he had begged. When his plea for help met with response he was conscious of only one sensation and that was the fierce desire to hurl back the coin and heap curses on the donor's head.

When he saw himself in the plate glass window, and saw himself as he appeared to others, he was appalled and fascinated by his own figure. He kept his head turned toward the line of shops to watch his grim reflection, and, watching he forgot to guard his steps. He slipped on the icy walk, and before he could recover himself, fell and slid down to the pavement. His feet struck those of a man walking, heavily, and prosperously, in front of him. The force of the impact, while it stopped his own motion, accelerated the movements of the man with whom he had collided, causing him to be absurdly acrobatic before he could regain his balance.

The man turned angrily, and, muttering ungraciously in acknowledgment of Dick's apology, went on his way. The jostling process forced a fat pocket book from his pocket and threw it almost under Dick's hands. He covered it quickly and glanced ahead. The man's rapidly receding figure showed that he was unconscious of his loss. Dick scrambled to his feet, and, thrusting his prize inside his shabby coat, started after its owner. He did not hurry. He saw him stop to speak to an acquaintance. Dick stepped into a doorway where he might examine his spoils unobserved.

He opened the pocket book. It was bursting with bills. The money seemed to cling to Dick's fingers as he touched it, and to whisper the possibilities with which it was charged. Food and shelter were its first promises, and then a wider vista opened, showing a path leading to respectability. There were at least a thousand dollars in the roll of bills, Dick reckoned hurriedly. To him it was the wealth of Monte Cristo.

He concealed his prize again and looked out of the doorway. The man was still lingering and talking to his friend. The street was crowded. Dick could lose himself among the people, he could soon be

on an out-bound train that should bear him away to a life released from poverty. He stood irresolute, his face turned away from the man who seemed the shaper of his destiny. A woman's voice started him from his preoccupation.

"Will you be kind enough to let me pass?" she said.

Her voice was low and sweet and well-modulated. Dick saw before him a girl who wished to enter the doorway. He stepped aside to let her pass. His inherent courtesy awakened and he stood with his head uncovered. He was conscious of a pair of dark, fringed, blue eyes looking up at him from under the shadow of a broad hat crowned with nodding feathers. He was conscious of a flash of white teeth that came with the gracious smile and murmured, "thank you." He was conscious of the delicate scent of violets floating to him from the cluster pinned to her rich, fur coat, and above all he was conscious that she had not shrunk from him with aversion. He had grown to expect averted glances.

She was a girl of a kind he used to know. She was a girl like the one who, back in his old home, was waiting for him to come and claim her as his wife. The girl back home had been loyal to him through his misfortune, and he would stake his life she was loyal to him now, though for months, since he had been submerged, he had sent her no message upon which she could build her faith.

Momentous trifles will sometimes save a man from treachery of a crime. The courtesy and smile of a girl who passed him, and the trend of thought she inspired, saved Dick from dishonesty. He flung his false dreams to the winds, and clenching his teeth plunged after the man whose money was in his possession.

Dick was long of limb and fleet of foot, and he covered wide reaches of ground at every step. He caught up easily with the one pursued, and, forgetful of all else save the impulse of honesty, held out to him his property.

"You dropped this, I think, when I ran against you," Dick explained.

The man seized his pocket book in an eager grasp, and ran through its contents hurriedly.

"You were long enough in returning it," he grumbled.

Dick was moving away without a word when the man called him back. "Here, you," he shouted roughly.

Dick faced him, hard with the sullenness of his mood.

"You don't look like ready money, why did you give this up to me?" he demanded.

"Because I was a fool," Dick flung out, realizing from his angry disappointment that he had hoped for a reward.

"Your first idea was to keep it, now wasn't it?" the man questioned, his suspicions evident.

"Yes; I wish I had," Dick returned.

His tormentor glanced at him at him with a disagreeable smile.

"You're broke, I suppose," he said. "No money and can't get work. Same old story. I hear it every day. You're a lousy young fellow, what's wrong? Why don't you get busy? Go to work, quit loafing."

Dick scowled at him and refused to answer. The man brought from his pocket a piece of money.

"Here, he said, offering a silver dollar. Take this. Buy newspapers and sell 'em. Read the 'Helps Wanted.' Get busy."

Dick wanted to strike the money out of the other's hand and to leave him without further words but his needs were pressing; he could not afford to indulge his pride. He took the coin grudgingly and ungratefully, swung on his heels and disappeared in the crowd.

He had food and shelter that night, and having learned how to get the most out of a little, he found himself next day with enough capital to buy a few newspapers. Launched in his career as a newsboy, and with the faint stirrings of hope in his breast, he wrote to the girl back home, to give sign of existence and of his faith, though fortune was still unsmiling. Incidentally he had embarked in the commission business, which as yet

was uncertain, but held possibilities.

For a week he managed to keep soul and body together. Meantime he read carefully the "Helps Wanted" advertisements and answered, without success, all that seemed plausible. At last he found his call to better days in a personal which could only have been intended for his eyes.

It read: "If the man who returned a pocket book to its owner on Broad Street, the afternoon of February 20th, will call at room 46, Fredonia Building, any morning between 9 and 10 o'clock, he will learn something to his advantage."

"Maybe I've fallen heir to a fortune," Dick thought, his humor daring to rise at even a hint of encouragement.

He made himself look as well as he could with his slender resources and went to the place of appointment. He was an hour too early, and walked up and down in front of a huge building, speculating as to which office held his fate and watching with interested eyes the hurrying crowd which kept the entrance and exit doors constantly swinging.

Behind those door were the levers which quickened the wheels of commerce. Perhaps some day his hand would be one of the levers. He might be one of the workers in this great hive of industry; or one of the captains who reap the golden harvest. Once he was careless of his opportunities, and had suffered disaster. The lesson was bitter, but now, if he should have another chance;—he squared his shoulders and marched along the pavement, his heel taps ringing out resolves.

At five minutes of nine he went into the building and sought the office to which he was summoned. The room he entered was a private office wherein sat the Governing Power of the long suite of rooms which, through the open doors, Dick saw stretched imposingly ahead filled with workers.

The Governing Power sat, ponderous and prosperous, in his throne-like chair, behind a massive table. He was the man with the pocketbook, as Dick had expected. When Dick entered he was dictating letters. He continued his dictating, apparently oblivious of all else save his business. When he had finished he dismissed his stenographer with a curt, "that's all."

She gathered up her paper and went into the next room, closing the door between. When the Governing Power saw Dick, he turned toward him deliberately, looking him over from head to foot, with the light of approval slowly warming the cold eyes.

"Confound you!" he thundered, when he was ready to speak, growing red in the face and pounding on the table, "why didn't you come before? You made me run that advertisement twice. I've got a job for you." Dick rose to the occasion. He took off his coat and folding it neatly, laid it on a chair.

"Where's the coal you want shovelled?" he asked meekly. The big man exploded with a laugh. "Oh, my!" he chuckled when he got his breath, "who said anything about coal? It's brains I want, not muscle, and I believe you have got 'em. I thought you were a fool for bringing back my pocket book, but you took brains to do it. When can you go to work?"

"Now," Dick answered promptly.

The big man nodded in sign that he heard. He did not speak at once; he was studying Dick again as though he was a curiosity.

"I don't like your clothes," he declared, at length. "Sorry I lost my trunk," Dick responded. The big man rasped a few lines with his pen and waved it in the air to dry the ink. He held out the slip to Dick and with it a greenback.

"There's an order on Dent's clothing house," he said gruffly. "Go get respectable. The twenty is your week's salary; I've kept back five. I'll hold back five every week until you've refunded what I've advanced. I'm a fool," he roared in conclusion, "a blank fool!"

"Yes sir," said Dick.

He slipped into his coat, hesitat-

ed and then went toward the Governing Power. "I'd like to shake hands," he ventured with a tremor.

"It won't cost a cent," the big man answered, holding out a broad, cushiony palm.

"Get back in an hour," he directed, "Your desk is waiting."

Dick, facing a future that glowed like the sun, went out into the changed world. He was alive again. Hope was alive, he had youth and he had work. He took moments enough from his allotted hour to send a telegram to the girl back home, and the message was this: "I have a job. The boss is the kind of man we can invite to our wedding."—*Toledo Blade.*

BUFFALO.

On June 23d, Dr. Carroll's house was the scene of a brilliant social function, the O'Rourke-Carroll bridal party. It was the last of many times for those assembled there, and everyone assumed a cheerfulness he or she was far from feeling at the thought of the impending departure of one of our leading social lionesses. The presents, myraids of them were scattered around on tables, chairs, mantels, anything that could be pressed in service; and such presents! Enough silverware cut glass, etc., to stock a small jewelry store, and everything of the first water at that.

After delicious refreshments had been distributed, valetoditory addresses were made by Mr. McCann, Mr. Weil and Mrs. Nelson. Then each bade the blushing bride-to-be a sorrowful farewell, and left the Carroll residence forever. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Weil, Klein, Briel, Newhouse, Schweikhardt, Leshner, Larvey, Knorr, Riley, Messrs. O'Rourke, Schwagler, Haensgel, McCann, Meagher, Vernon, Walters and Daley.

At eleven o'clock, Wednesday morning, June 23d, Mary Alice Carroll, of Buffalo, was united in marriage to John O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass., in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Timothy O'Rourke, Prior of the Dominican Convent in Washington, D. C., and a brother of the groom; Rev. Father Gilmore interpreted the service in the sign-language.

The bride wore a dainty toilet of white moire, striped with white chiffon trimmed with Mottre lace.

After the ceremony, a breakfast was served at Dr. Carroll's, covers being laid for fifty guests. Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke left shortly after on a protracted honeymoon; they will reside in Haverhill, Mass., at its conclusion. The JOURNAL extends hearty congratulations and best wishes to the happy pair. The groom is an alumnus of Gallaudet and the bride a graduate of Le Conteux St. Mary's.

At the recent commencement exercises of the Le Conteux St. Mary's Institution, on Main Street, diplomas were awarded the following students: Alice Gertrude Sikes, of Trani, Ore., Mary Louise Seeger, of Buffalo, James Martin Tilday, of Schaghticoke, N. Y., and August James Heine, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Don't forget the Rochester-Olean Co.-Buffalo Picnic, August 31st, at Olean Beach. More Rochester Alumni are cordially invited to turn out, rain, shine or snow. Bring the ladies.

Among the out-of-town deaf-mutes who have lately invaded our respected habitat in their vacation itinerary are August Hesley, of Portland, Ore., Chris E. Vernon and Arthur Bachrach, of New York, Miss Pearl Seekins, of Rome, Miss Curtiss, of Rochester, Delos Birdsell, of North Tonawanda, Clayton McLaughlin, of Rochester, and Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Walters, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the last two being on their honeymoon trip.

Jacob Helmer is spending his month's vacation in a trip which embraces New York, Boston, Philadelphia, the Jamestown Exposition.

Mr. Arthur Bachrach, of New York, recently spent two weeks in town. On the ninth, Mr. and Mrs. Weil gave a reception in his honor, ice-cream and cake rounding out an evening of genial enjoyment. Mr. Bachrach gave a few sleight-of-

hand performances that looked so easy—until you tried it. Mrs. Weil has only recently returned from a month's sojourn in the metropolis, looking more attractive than ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kingsbury, formerly of Rochester, are now full-fledged residents of Buffalo. Were married June 26th, in the former city.

BORN—June 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baus, a fine, brand-new baby boy.

BORN—June 25th, to Mrs. Leo Knittel, nee Rosa Barth, a baby daughter.

OMEGA.

CINCINNATI, O.

The St. Xavier Deaf Club had their fifth annual picnic last June 21st, over in Kentucky on Moll's farm. It was a huge success and the best ever given. The games were started promptly at two o'clock, and the winners of the prizes were:

One hundred yards dash—Harry Blackschlegler, a box of cigar.

Fifty yards dash—Miss Lilly Schappel, a silk fan.

One-leg Race—H. Blackschlegler, a box of cigar.

One-leg Race—Miss Erime Nichols, lady's purse.

Broad Jump—J. Welte, a briar pipe and smoking tobacco.

Watermelon Contest—Abe Goldberg, one dollar in gold.

Watermelon Contest—Lizzie McGeely, imported perfume.

Throwing Ball—J. Welte, a silk four in-hand.

Won Ball Game—John Maurer, a gold fob.

The judges acted on the entire games, were Louis J. Bachebesle, Wittshire Oxley and W. H. Lowther. After the above games were disposed of a baseball game started between Captains Maurer and Kelly.

The following lined up were:—

KELLY	MAURER
Kelly, rt.	Goldberg, c.
Welte, ss.	Welte, p.
Fry, 2b.	Taylor, 1b.
Buchert, 3b.	Bachebesle, 3b.
Woolley, cf.	O'Donnel, ss.
Elkins, lf.	Tubin, 3b.
Kabler, c.	Matthews, lf.
John Smith, 1b.	Blackschlegler, cf.
Wagner p.	aurer, rf.

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5
Maurer	4	3	1	0	2-9
Kelly	0	0	3	1	1-5

The game was hotly contested under old Sol's terrific and merciless rays beating on the boys. It was a sizzling hot day, the temperature being about ninety-six degrees in the shade at 4 p.m. The players could no longer withstand the sun's fierce heat and begged to quit at five innings, which, their request being granted, resulted in Maurer's team winning the victory over Kelly's. But it was really old Sol that won the game. Dr. A. H. Clancy and Mr. B. Key officiated as umpires.

The Fraternal Society of the Deaf convention occurred here July 8th to 13th. It was a great meeting for the local deaf, who enjoyed meeting them at the reception and banquet. We commend the intelligent and business-like manners and elegant behavior of the visitors while with us. Our very best wishes go with them.

A very pretty and delightful surprise party was given to Miss Anna Hanks, a few evenings ago, on the anniversary of her birthday, by Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Key and Mr. John J. Wagner. Elegant refreshments were served, while beautiful flowers decorated the table. The party was enjoyed by all who participated. Miss Hanks says she was taken completely by surprise, but was extremely proud and glad that her friends remembered her and came to entertain her.

Mrs. Elmer Lewis, of Dayton, who has been visiting her sister here, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. William De Silver will spend a month's vacation in Atlantic City, this summer.

Jacob Vogelbund, of Columbus, dropped in town, and called on his chum, John J. Wagner, last Sunday.

Quite a large number of the deaf from here will attend the reunion at Columbus next month. C. July 24, 1907.

ELKHART, IND.

The Indiana readers were greatly surprised that Mr. A. Norris, the general agent for JOURNAL, had resigned. However, we ought to have been grateful to him, because he labored hard to fill up the Indiana news column.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hanline, of Elkhart, entertained Messrs. Charles Neff, of Bristol, John Helfrich and Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fankhauser, of Elkhart, with delicious cake and ice cream, on the birthday of the former, July 7th.

Rev. Jasper J. Cross, of Waterford, is spending these few weeks with Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen, helping the harvest.

The last Christian Endeavor meeting, at Dekalb and Defiance Counties, Ohio, was at Mr. and Mrs. Freyman's, July 21st.

Mr. Wm. D. Miller, of Middlebury, is making arrangements to leave here for good, next week. He expects to get employment in the car shop in Michigan City. His wife and children will have a temporary home with Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Miller.

Rev. J. J. Cross passed his 57th milestone, on July 20th, and still enjoys good health.

William Yoder, of Shipshewanna, is working for Mr. Wm. D. Markley this summer.

Thos. Hanline, of Elkhart, made \$35 in half a day, on July 7th, by photographing.

Midst the great celebration of the Independence Day, Henry D. Miller, of Middlebury, sneaked around and bought a big farm of 180 acres, for \$6,000, with two-fifth share of crops. They will move in by October 17th. Their farm lies close to the St. Joe Valley Line Street Car Railway, and also Lake Shore & Michigan Southern branch railway on south side.

The Christian Endeavor meeting July 21st took place at the home of Wm. D. Miller, of Middlebury. Rev. J. J. Cross, of Waterford, conducted it, his subject being about the importance of love, text from Matthew 23:37—"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

Owing to the heavy harvest and sultry weather, there was a small meeting, but the interest was good. Those who were at the meeting, were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Markley and Wm. Yoder, of Shipshewanna; Messrs. Chas. E. Neff, of Bristol; Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen; William D. Miller, and Henry D. Miller; and their wives, of Middlebury; Edna Strouder, of Nappanee.

H. D. M.

DAY CAMPS FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The announcement that the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis was making use of the old ferryboat Southfield as a day camp for consumptives has attracted much attention, and has been received by those interested in the prevention and cure of consumption as an important contribution to the means to be more extensively developed for the adequate treatment of consumption in New York City. In many respects the plan is similar to the one carried out by the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis. That association is now operating its third summer camp in the city of Boston and is meeting with very marked success. The small cost of this method of treatment is one of its claims to serious attention. The Boston camp has now a daily attendance of seventy-five patients, to whom are given constant medical and nursing oversight and instruction, an abundance of milk and eggs, and a dinner in the middle of the day at a total cost of sixty-two cents per day per patient. As in New York, the homes of those attending the day camp are supervised, and the sleeping conditions regulated and the patients are taught the value of fresh air and of abundant food and the absolute necessity for care in the proper disposal of sputum. It is the judgment of those who have been in charge of the Boston Day Camp for three years, that many persons unable to enter hospitals or sana-

toriums receive very great benefit from the camp method of treatment, and the question is being discussed whether in some such form as this, which is now being followed in Boston and New York, the German plan of day camps for consumptives should not be adopted in this country. In that country camps are established on the outskirts of a number of cities, men, women and children being cared for in separate places while certain cities have in addition special camps for weak and sickly children and with tendencies to tuberculosis. Although the cost of this treatment is relatively small, it is still high enough to prevent its extension as widely as is desirable, many things such as hammocks, which would add to the comfort and help in the treatment of the patients in the New York Camp, can not be purchased for lack of funds. The Charity Organization Society states that contributions, small or large, will be very gladly received to continue and to enlarge the work it has begun.

Counterfeiters Have Lost Count.

There is one lost art among criminals, one trade which United States secret service men have seemingly wiped out to the very last man. This is the art of counterfeiting currency, says the *Kansas City Star*. Kansas City bank officials say that for the eight years not one suprious banknote worthy of passing comment has been handled in the money world. They declare that the day of successful counterfeiting has come to an end.

"Not a banknote which fools the experts is on the market," said E. F. Swinney, President of the First National Bank. "There is counterfeit currency, plenty of it," he said, "but it's a kind detected almost at a glance. Inspection of it quickly reveals the flaws. Usually the work is clumsy. But not since the notorious gang in Philadelphia which made the famous 'Monroe hundred' was wiped out has there been a really clever counterfeiter at work. At least, we have no record of any."

The "Monroe hundred" was a \$100 silver certificate with the face of President Monroe stamped upon it. It was of a series of 1901, check letter D, Tillman register, Morgan treasurer. It was an absolutely perfect counterfeit. Experts in the treasury department were fooled by it. The notes became so numerous and were accepted so extensively that the government called in its entire issue of the bill, amounting to several million dollars. Even now a "Monroe hundred" is occasionally picked up, and it is almost impossible to tell whether it is genuine or not.

"The only difference between the genuine bill and the counterfeit was in the shape of the figures 3 and 4 and the length of the bill. In the figure 3 the lower loop did not extend up so far toward the center of the figure as it should have extended. In the figure 4 the space between the base and the center cross line was narrower than it should have been. The false bill was one-sixteenth of an inch shorter than the genuine."

Such irregularities would easily pass the eye of an expert," Mr. Swinney said. "Of course, if a genuine bill was laid before you, and you had the opportunity to compare the two, after some study the defects could be noted. But think of the number of money handlers who had the counterfeit bill who had no opportunity for such comparison."

"The gang which made the 'Monroe hundred,' was arrested in Philadelphia in 1899. The plates which printed the bills were recovered and the counterfeiters sentenced to long terms in prison."

"With the end of that gang," Mr. Swinney said, "there seems to have been an end of successful counterfeiting. Not since 1899 has the government been forced to recall any currency issue. Crooks have learned that to make spurious currency which will pass inspection is a hard task. And they have learned that the penalty Uncle Sam makes them pay when detected is heavy."

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1907.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 101 St. Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00
It not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE deaf of this city will remember that several years ago an aged deaf-mute, named Ernest Griole, visited New York, and became suddenly prominent from the alleged loss of three thousand francs, which, he said, had been stolen from him. Mr. Griole also will easily be recalled by most of the delegation that went to Paris, to attend the World's Congress of the Deaf, in the year 1889. He was quite hospitable to many of them. He is now eighty-eight years of age, and although in good physical health, is said to be mentally deranged, and according to a writer in the *Revue des Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, France, he has been confined in a hospital for the insane at Belair, Geneva, Switzerland, for the past four years. Editor Gallaudet thinks it is not right to have a citizen of France, the dean of the deaf-mutes of France, restrained. He also suggests that an investigation might be inaugurated. We understand M. Griole is possessed of considerable property, and it may be that the real trouble is not mental aberration, but simply mental weakness caused by approaching senility. Any way, his great age seems to preclude the possibility of danger from violence, and he could just as well be cared for by some deaf family, for a consideration, thereby insuring a certain enjoyment of life and liberty and social converse that is now denied him.

STARTING a few years ago with a little book of eight pages, L. J. Bacheberle, of Cincinnati, made a directory of the deaf of Cincinnati. Next came an enlarged edition, covering a wider area of population. This year, the publishers of a directory of the deaf of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, are L. J. Bacheberle & Co., and the book in a flexible cover, neatly printed, embraces one hundred and forty-four pages. It gives the names of the adult deaf of three States, the addresses and occupations of most of them, and when married the maiden name of the wife. The venture is quite an ambitious one, and the success attained in tabulating the deaf is really surprising. But the mere record of names and domiciles is but a part of the work. Quite a comprehensive idea of the extent and methods of the education of the deaf is given to those of the general public who may look over the volume. Half-tone pictures of Gallaudet College, the Gallaudet Memorial Statue, the school buildings in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, serve to embellish the book. Altogether it is quite a valuable little tome, and should have a wide circulation in the homes of the deaf. A copy costs only thirty cents. Send for one. Address: L. J. Bacheberle & Co., 84 Mulberry Street, Cincinnati, O.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET'S ADDRESS

AT THE NORFOLK CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., president of Gallaudet College, Washington, was introduced to the convention as the greatest living benefactor of the deaf. As he ascended the platform, all present arose to their feet and gave him a prolonged and hearty ovation, which caused him to modestly remark that he was being accorded more praise than he deserved. His address, which was frequently interrupted by applause, was extempore, and has been expanded from notes taken by the secretary, as follows:

Mr. President, Secretary, Ladies and Gentlemen:—As a humble friend of yours, I can look back upon a long life connection with the deaf. It began in the cradle. I could use the sign-language before I could speak with my lips. That was the language with which I conversed with my deaf mother. So long and intimate has been my association with the deaf, that I consider myself almost one of them. A few years ago, while traveling abroad, I had occasion to address a gathering of the deaf at Leipsic, Germany. I noticed two elderly ladies seated near the platform, reasoning between themselves as to whether or not I was a deaf-mute. After watching me for a while they came to the conclusion that I was also deaf.

I am glad to be present with you to-day in old Virginia. My family connections with this State extend far back into its early history, and I extend to you greetings in the name of the family of Gallaudet. I believe that the spirits of the departed sometimes return to earth. From the spirit land my father, my mother, my brother and my brother's wife send you their greetings.

A member of the Gallaudet family visited George Washington Parke Curtis ninety-five years ago, and was presented with a saucer once used by George Washington. This saucer is still in my possession. It has the names of the States on its border. My father was identified with the education of the deaf in Virginia. The late Rev. Job Turner, of this State, was educated at my father's school at Hartford. Soon after leaving College, and while a teacher at Hartford, I came to this sacred soil to attend a convention of instructors of the deaf at Staunton, and aside from taking an active part in that convention, I also served as its secretary. I still remember the beautiful women of the State to whom a preceding speaker referred. They always commanded my admiration, and to me have always been an inspiration.

I have other reasons for loving Virginia. For fifty years I have resided just beyond the border from where I could daily see its hills and fields. On many a holiday I have crossed over to row, to fish and to ride. No non-resident of the State loves Virginia more than I do.

I have been much interested in the proceedings of this convention. This Association has my hearty good-will, and I am always glad to be of any assistance to the deaf. My help need not be asked. It may be insisted upon and it will be gladly given.

I would like to add that I am in favor of deaf teachers of the deaf—and at salaries equal to any or even higher. I have worked with deaf teachers for many years, and know many of them personally. I know that they have greater sympathy for the deaf, that they perform their work with greater enthusiasm, and give their pupils greater encouragement. I do not mean to say that deaf teachers have more sympathy and interest in their deaf pupils than all others, but that they have a greater sympathy and interest than most others. I observed that deaf teachers encourage the deaf pupils along all lines and give them the inspiration of their own example. It must be remembered that the oral training of the deaf is neither the ideal nor the end of their education. Deaf teachers are appointed only for the work which they are fitted to do, and not as a favor. In every school for the deaf there should be a fair proportion of deaf teachers employed. Concerning methods, I may speak after an experience of fifty years as a teacher—the first ten by the manual method. In 1867, I spent several months visiting among the schools for the deaf in Europe and visited forty schools. I made a careful study of the methods of teaching used in these schools, and got the views of many of the instructors. A man is a fool who will never change his mind. This visit enlarged the range of my vision, and I found that oral teaching was of value to a large proportion of the deaf, and very successful with some. This visit suggested a change of method in American schools. From this visit I also learned another important fact—the fact that, for many of the

deaf, speech was a failure. Upon my return home I reported my observations, and for the first time in the literature of our profession advocated the teaching of speech to the deaf and the preservation of the speech they already had. I said that something more than method was necessary—that method was not the whole thing. For advocating these views I was called the degenerate son of a worthy sire. At another conference of instructors of the deaf, held at Washington, I advocated the teaching of speech to the deaf, and the Combined System of teaching the deaf was the result. That was over forty years ago, and I have always been open to conviction ever since that there may be a better way of teaching the deaf, but no better way has yet been found. The Combined Method continues to be the best method of teaching the deaf.

In 1897, thirty years after my conversion from the manual to the Combined Method of instruction, I again visited Europe to obtain from the graduates of various schools for the deaf, their own views concerning the value of the methods by means of which they had received their education. I did not share the view of a certain German instructor, who said that the deaf were not capable of forming an opinion concerning the value of methods. That remark of his was certainly a reflection upon his own work. What sort of an education had he been giving his pupils, if at its completion they were incapable of forming an intelligent opinion.

A large proportion of the deaf of Europe, of mature years, approve of the Combined Method. They say that oralism was good for the few—not for the many. Many who have been educated orally, find speech unreliable in their after school life. Their teachers understand them, but others do not. They are strongly opposed to pure oralism for all, or for most of the deaf.

In Leipsic, the home of Hienicke and his successor Voget, lectures are given simultaneously orally and in signs. In reply to my question why signs were used, I was told that many could not understand the lips. Speech must be used to show that the oral method was approved, and signs must be used in order that the deaf might understand. Surely that remark must have made Hienicke turn in his grave.

Recently, while on a visit at Dresden, Germany, the superintendent of a school for the deaf showed me a beautiful chapel. I asked in what manner the services were conducted, and was told that they were conducted both orally and in signs. "You see," he said, "we have a sort of a combined method."

Many German teachers are changing their views in regard to the oral method, and the Combined Method is growing more and more in favor. A few years ago Mr. Andre, of the Paris Institution, told me that in France they entertained pretty much the same views concerning methods as we do in America, but the use of the oral method being required by law, they have no alternative but to follow it. With such facts before us, and with the consensus of opinion of the educated deaf themselves in America and Europe in favor of the Combined Method, there can be no doubt but that it is still by far the best method for the deaf.

This association and other organizations of the deaf, with the cooperation of the schools, can do much to influence public opinion, to the end that the high standard of teaching the deaf which obtains in America shall be maintained.

During the thirty-five years of a busy missionary life, the Rev. A. W. Mann has spent much time on railway trains. More than fifteen hundred full nights have been spent on car seats, with a valise for a pillow. He has held services and preached 5,500 times in 428 different churches in America, Canada and Great Britain; and at schools, also conventions of alumni. Hundreds of annual reports have been made to bishops and diocesan secretaries. Since the day of the Rev. Dr. Twing, General Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Mann has reported quarterly to the Missions House in New York. He was appointed by the General Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church in the year 1877. He has lately completed a five-hundred page record of official acts, and begun another. So he has all the figures at hand when reports are to be made. To him one of the bishops once wrote: "You are the most systematic and laborious person I know; perfectly indefatigable."

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 8525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday (during July and August) 10:30 A.M.

Holy Communion.—First Sunday of the month.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

The third Sunday of July is invariably set apart by the weather prophets as bright and clear, and one seldom finds an almanac which predicts unfavorable weather for this day. It matters not if the previous week be one of continuous rain or not, the man with the weather eye will tell you to prepare for the third Sunday of July, and enjoy a fine day's outing. Of all the days of the year, this one is invariably of sunshine with a clear, azure sky, and a breeze which one finds delightful while riding on the front end of an electric car.

Years ago there was a write-up of historic old Deerfield, one of the earliest settlements of Revolutionary times, in the columns of the *Deaf-Mutes' Register*. It was culled from the pages of her American history, by Little Shamrock. Times have changed now, and with the trend "Little Shamrock" has become "Tiger Lily" of the *JOURNAL*. "Little Shamrock" admitted she had not visited Deerfield, but advised all who could to go there. So on Sunday, the third one in July, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Morin boarded a South Hadley car, the destination in mind being Deerfield. Passing through the village of South Hadley, the car ran across the campus of the beautiful Mt. Holyoke College. Further on was Amherst, where the buildings of Amherst College and of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College were viewed.

The Holyoke mountains at Amherst are particularly impressive in their awe-inspiring grandeur. The trolley line is admirably planned to show the beauty of the surrounding country. At the notch, a part of the road nearly at the summit of the mountains, the panorama of the Connecticut Valley for miles around was very fine. There is nothing to compare with the beauty of New England scenery, and seen on a clear day has a fascination all its own, and the lover of the beautiful in nature finds full enjoyment.

Sugar Loaf Mountain, near Sunderland, Mass., towered majestically above its compeers. South Deerfield town came next and then Deerfield, which was reached after exactly four hours of a delightful ride. All along the one street of Deerfield were monuments of plain white granite marking this or that historic spot. There was one where Johnathan Welles the boy hero of the Connecticut Valley, made his valiant stand: one where the patriots planted their liberty pole in 1774. The home site of the first settled minister, Rev. John Williams, is distinctly marked. The home, so the inscription read, was forty-two by twenty, and was sacked and burned, the family massacred by the Indians and the French under De Rouville, in 1704. The site of the palisaded house, where one woman and three men held at bay one hundred and forty Indians and two hundred soldiers for thirty-six hours, was marked by another interesting monument. Deerfield is a sleepy old town—it never grows along with modernity. The one street of the village was lined on both sides with houses, all of nearly the same pattern and every one old and weather beaten. Each window had tiny panes of glass and every garden showed the dear old-fashioned flowers, the hollyhocks, the corn flowers and marigolds. The only modern building is in the very center of the little town and is of brick—Memorial Hall. Herein is sheltered priceless relics of the earliest day. In front of Memorial Hall is the Soldiers' Monument erected in 1802. A little further down in front, close to the trolley tracks, is an old stone well, crumbled with age and decay. The inscription tells us it is the patriots' well, sunk in 1620. To the rear of Memorial Hall is the ancient burying ground, "God's Acre." The grave stones are crumbling away, many have fallen to pieces, and it is with difficulty one can read the names of the loyal patriots, who have been sleeping their long sleep of centuries. The earliest date recorded of an interment there, was made out to be in 1638. The latest one in 1802. A great mound in the center, with a mammoth boulder on top, tells the sight-seer that here lie the victims of the French and Indian massacre of 1704. The burial plot of the Rev. John Williams could hardly be reached. Giant evergreens grow so low down as to virtually take the head stones in their embrace. Deerfield is truly a most beautiful place to visit. Every day is Sunday there. There are no signs of life or activity about the town. One store, a church, Memorial Hall and about thirty-five or forty houses, made up the village. The post-office is so old and ancient looking that one might readily expect to see it tumble before one's eyes. The massive oaken door had a heavy padlock and the windows were boarded up. A cut in the front near the door with a wooden flap, and a card above informed the residents and all interested that "This is for letters." A short distance from the post-office is the site of the property of Joseph Stebbins,

the oldest landed property in the country. The estate intact has been handed down in an unbroken line from father to son since 1708, and is religiously preserved by the descendants. Along later in the afternoon we left Deerfield, taking another route home through Hatfield and Northampton.

The Clarke School at the latter has a most ideal situation on top of Round Hill. At the base are the buildings and campus, fraternity and boarding houses of Smith College. Every bit of the way was rich in beautiful scenery—the river and the valley, the purple hills beyond. For the lover of the ancient traditions of the country, who can experience a real thrill of patriotism, then let him visit old Deerfield and muse among its ruins.

Mrs. Arthur G. Clarke, of Hopedale, Mass., was a recent visitor in town, where she spent some time. The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Kransse of Northampton, has matriculated for Smith College, which she expects to enter in September.

Mrs. Arthur St. John, of New Bedford, Mass., spent a couple of weeks with relatives in town late in June. Her visit was curtailed, owing to the illness of Mr. St. John, so she left for home much sooner than she intended.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Morin are now fully settled in their cosy flat on Summer Street. On a recent Sunday they took a trip to Springfield and Forest Park. Mr. and Mrs. Emil Grise, of Chicopee, were also in the park on that day.

We would like to ask "Tiger Lily" how an event can be "a complete surprise and yet not entirely unexpected."

Amaclet Mercier, of Chicopee Falls, was a recent caller at the Colby's. Mr. Colby does an extensive business in the ice-cream line these hot summer days.

Miss Mary A. McKay, of Northampton, called at the Morin Flat not long since, and spent the afternoon. Miss McKay expects soon to leave for Rhode Island to spend a fortnight.

George Sharon, of this town, is working across the river in Chicopee Falls burg.

Mrs. Fred Greenough, of Chicopee, is anticipating a probable visit to her elum, Mrs. Arthur Clark, of Hopedale, before long.

VIOLET.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of the Metropolitan Club of Deaf-Mutes held, on Wednesday evening, July 24th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the club:

WHEREAS, In the death of our late brother and former Vice-President, JACQUES LOEW, this organization has lost one of its most loyal members, and most indefatigable workers; and the community a good citizen, one whose hand and heart was ever open to the poor and deserving.

It is therefore, unanimously, Resolved, That this public testimonial of his worth and our loss, be made in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and a copy be sent to the family of our late brother.

ALEXANDER L. PACH,
CULMER BARNES,
THEO. I. LOUNSBURY.

Clothing Now Made of Paper.

A Washington despatch says: Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce, has dug a sensation out of Saxony. He noticed a brief description in a German paper of garments made chiefly out of paper, and asked the United States consular officers to look the matter up and let him know if the paper clothing amounted to anything. The result has been startling. He has been informed that a man in Saxony, who has been at work on the invention for years, has finally completed a process by which he spins a yarn out of wood fibre that is woven into cloth, rugs, and other things that are both beautiful and durable.

And what impresses the secretary as much as anything about the new invention is that material for a three-piece suit of clothes, made from this paper cloth, can be obtained for one dollar.

The inventor of the process is a man named Emil Claviz. He has patented it in all the civilized countries of the world, and has already arranged to build mills in the United States. The manufacture of the paper yarn and the weaving of various products from it appears to have gone beyond the experiment. At stage, since last year 7,000,000 pieces of it were made and sold for twofolding, for which purpose it is said to be well suited.

The Rome Alumni Association and its friends will hold an old-fashioned basket picnic at Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, on Saturday, August 10th, 1907.

Wah! kind of a habit is not strengthened by use?—A coat.

Dan Blaney's Awakening.

Dan Blaney wriggled out of the crowd that had gathered around the little figure lying prostrate on the sidewalk. Straightening his shoulders as he reached its outer edge, he thrust his hands into his pockets and in a careless drowse, remarked to the policeman who came running to the spot:

"Aw, it's only a kid that the mail wagon ran over."

The policeman peered through the crowd at the unconscious boy, then ran to the call box, while Dan sauntered down the street. He had reached the end of the block when the loud clanking of a bell caused him to turn, and he hurried back just as the ambulance drew up beside the curb. The crowd had separated, and the tall policeman stooped and gently raised the injured boy in his arms.

"Why, it's Teddy Ward," he said, "poor little fellow, his leg is broken."

The little fellow stirred, opened his eyes, dully gazed at the big, blue-coated officer, and feebly whispered, "Mamma."

Dan, who was again edging his way in the center of the crowd, heard and stopped short. The kid had a mother! Dan, himself, could not remember to have ever had such a luxury, and it was the one regret of his idle, heedless, vagabond life. Instantly the injured boy became an important personage in sight, and he stood and watched while the officer carefully placed the boy in the ambulance. When it had driven off to the hospital, and the crowd had melted, he stepped up to the big policeman.

"Say, officer, do you know that kid?" he asked.

"Why, yes," answered the policeman. "It's little Teddy Ward, who's sold paper over on the corner for almost a year."

"Say, he has a mother, hasn't he?" continued Dan, stooping to pick Teddy's cap which had rolled off the curb.

"Yes, and a baby sister," the policeman replied, as he turned to cross the street and continued on his beat.

Dan stepped along by his side; he was going to find out all that the policeman had to tell.

"Where do they live?" he asked, rolling the cap into a ball and stuffing it into his pocket.

"In a little cottage over there," waving his hand toward that quarter of the city where hundreds of poor families huddle together in every block. "His father died in the hospital about a year ago, and Teddy has been helping his mother. 'Twill be hard for her now, I'm thinking. The baby's sick most of the time and—why are you so interested, youngster?" he asked, suddenly growing suspicious, "and what have you in your pocket?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing," quickly replied Dan, as he darted away and down a side street. A few minutes' race brought him to the tenement district, and he wandered from block to block, asking everyone he met:

"Say, do you know where Teddy Ward lives?"

Again and again he asked the question, and the street lights had begun to twinkle faintly when at last the house was pointed out. He stood on the opposite side of the street, trying to get up courage enough to cross, ring the bell, present the cap, and so see and speak to Teddy Ward's mother. He watched the window, and when the curtain was pushed aside and a woman's tear-stained face appeared, he took the cap from his pocket and started forward. But before he had reached the step, a tiny girl crept beside the woman, and again he stopped. For a minute he stood looking at them both, then suddenly turned and was soon lost in the puzzling maze of dimly-lighted alleys.

It was late when Dan reached the livery-stable, the only home he had ever known, but he lingered around in the hope of being able to earn enough money for a project he had just conceived. He patiently waited, but buggies were all washed, the horses all blanketed and the men were beginning to go to their rooms. Dan sighed and was just mounting the ladder to the hay-loft, where he slept in a corner, when a physician came in and hurriedly ordered his horse and trap. Dan jumped to the harness room and worked so busily that not a moment was lost. The doctor thanked him and, as he drove away, put his hand into his pocket and handed him a coin. It was a fifty-cent piece, and Dan shouted just as a tally-ho came in. The night man tossed him a quarter, and he unharnessed the six sleek beauties and led them to their stalls.

Early the next morning Dan joined the group of eager newsboys about the paper wagon and, after securing a share, marched off to Teddy Ward's corner. With his head held high, he walked to and fro lustily calling: "Morning papers! All about the railroad wreck!"

Business was brisk and he jingled the nickels as they accumulated in his pocket. The regular newsboys wandered by and audibly jeered at the big boy who had preempted poor little Teddy Ward's corner.

But Dan continued to call his papers, bravely ignoring their stabs and sneers.

It was the first time in his life that Dan had worked all day, and when the nickel for the last extra had joined those already in his pocket, he heaved a sigh of relief. Taking a scrap of paper from his pocket, he scribbled: "Teddy Ward's cap and his day's earnings."

A heavy tread sounded on the stone pavement, and the big policeman appeared round the corner.

"Hallo, youngster!" he said, and his tone was not over cordial. "So you've taken Teddy Ward's corner, have you?"

"Yes," shortly answered Dan as he carefully folded the slip of paper. Taking the cap from one pocket and the money from the other, he wrapped all together and started to walk down the street.

The policeman stared, and when Dan turned from the business streets and hurried toward Teddy Ward's home, he followed. Dan laid the bundle on the top step of the little cottage and rang the bell. Then he ran to the opposite corner, where he crouched behind the lamp-post and watched until the door was opened, and the parcel was taken inside.

The policeman softly whistled and returned to his post, resolving to check the newsboys' jeerings. An uncomfortable thought came to him that he had been almost abetting it.

After that Dan, with his bundle of papers was at the corner regularly every morning, and every evening he slipped away to leave the money with its message—"For Teddy Ward's Mother—his day's earnings." He always waited for a glimpse of the woman's face and then hurried back to the stable in order to earn enough to purchase papers for the following day.

Teddy Ward had been in the hospital about a month when, one morning, the big policeman strolled over to Dan's corner.

"Well, youngster, how's business?" he asked in a surly tone, and Dan failed to notice the kindly gleam in his eyes.

"Pretty good," answered Dan, darting across the street to hand a paper to the gentleman who had beckoned from a doorway. He jumped on to the step of a passing car, shouted "Paper," sold one, and came jingling the nickels.

"This is a good corner for a lively newsboy like you," remark the policeman.

"Yes," thoughtfully answered Dan. He sorted his papers and slipped them under his arm. "Say, officer, when's Teddy going to get well? 'Cause his place's ready for him."

The policeman smiled, but answered in well-feigned surprise, "Really?"

"Why, of course," answered Dan in an injured tone. "Did you think I was mean enough to steal a poor little fellow's place? One that has a mother, too? No, sir!" He savagely shook his head and held out a paper to a passer.

"So you'll go back to loafing around the stables," said the policeman, walking to the corner and anxiously peering down the street.

"Not much," sharply answered Dan. "I'm going to work. The boss says I can have a regular place in the harness room."

"Good for you, Dan," slapping his shoulder. "And here comes Teddy Ward, now. He left the hospital yesterday."

Dan held the papers out to the little fellow who came limping around the corner.

"Here, Teddy, business is great this morning."

But Teddy looked at the policeman, who nodded, and said: "Dan, you're coming to our house to live, and he," pointing to the officer, "is going to buy you some new clothes."

"'Cause you're going to night school," interposed the policeman, for Teddy was forgetting.

"And mother says she'll be your mother, too," excitedly continued Teddy.

"Honest!" Dan's papers dropped to the ground, and the policeman helped Teddy Ward gather them up.—*American Boy*.

Almost Regretted It.

When Johnny Larson was fourteen years old he had an attack of fever, but it left him deaf. The local physicians could afford him no relief, and he applied himself assiduously to learning the deaf and dumb alphabet. The other members of the family were, of course, compelled to learn it, too, in order to be able to converse with him.

In the course of a few months, however, Johnny's hearing suddenly came back to him, assisted, no doubt, by a slight operation performed by a new aurist who had just come to town.

"O Johnny," exclaimed his mother, "Isn't it delightful to talk to us and hear us again!"

"Yes," he answered, ruefully; "but just think of it! Here we've all learned to talk with the sign-language, and now we can't use it any more!"—*The Youth's Companion*.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

OHIO.

Directory of the Deaf.

DEAF-MUTES IN CAMP.

A Budget of Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 995 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 27, 1907.—Mr. Thomas P. Evans, assistant engineer of the Institution during the superintendency of Dr. G. O. Fay, later chief engineer of the Soldiers' Home, near Dayton, and trustee of the institution under Governors Campbell and McKinley, died at his home on Franklin Avenue, this city, Saturday. He had been ill only three days, from stomach trouble. The funeral occurred Monday afternoon. He was born in Wales in 1852, and came to this country when quite young.

The Interstate Directory of the Deaf, a booklet of 144 pages, compiled and published by Mr. Louis J. Bacheberle, of Cincinnati, O., is out. It is a work that will come very handy. It contains the names and address of the deaf in the leading cities of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and West Virginia, and a mass of information concerning the methods used in the education of the deaf. A list of the institutions and day schools for the deaf, buildings of the Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky schools together with a catalogue of the first- and last-named schools. The book will come very handy to those visiting to ascertain the address of the deaf in the states named above. The price is dirt cheap, only thirty cents for board cover, and will be sent postpaid. Write to Louis J. Bacheberle, 84 Mulberry Street, Cincinnati, O., and secure a copy.

Information from the campers at Cedar Point is to the effect that the camp is named Camp Davis, in honor of Mr. A. B. Davis. Every thing is now in tiptop shape. The following are there: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, and daughter, Leonora, Mrs. George Clum and daughter, Beatrice, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn and daughter, Mr. August Beckert, and Miss Cloa Lamson. The latter has had her sister and brother-in-law as visitors from Lorain. Plenty of "skeeters," and those who propose coming up to stay awhile are advised to bring along bedding and plenty of netting. Fishing is good, and dips into the lake or bay delightful. The bay is on the west of the point, the lake on the other side.

Wm. Thurman is working as a porter and waiter in the Cincinnati Hotel, and recently the proprietor was so well pleased with his work that he raised his wages and asked him to remain. Sunday last, while going on his bicycle to Morrison, twenty-four miles from Cincinnati, his wheel broke down about eight miles out, so he took the trolley out and back.

John Walker is spending a week with his cousin, William Walker. They with Thurman, Clarence Cassidy and Alma Wheeler attended a picnic at Lewisburg, Ky., given by some deaf people. An enjoyable time was had by all.

Miss Alma Wheeler, a pupil of the Kentucky School, has moved with her parents to Cincinnati, and will probably attend school here in the fall.

Wm. Thurman plays ball Saturday afternoons, as catcher or left fielder for a local baseball club near Cumminsville, and gets from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per game.

Mrs. Eugene P. Jones, nee Hewitt, of Memphis, Tenn., presented her husband a fine boy baby, on July 16th, weighing seven and a half pounds. The father is more than proud of the gift, and with the two and a half year old daughter, lively and full of mischief, he will have plenty of things made interesting for him.

The writer was up at the Home Sunday, to conduct a service. He was accompanied by Mr. John Geiffuss as a visitor, who was more than surprised at the pleasant and comfortable home the aged people have there. All the inmates were enjoying good health. Mr. Byers has been hindered putting up the hay by the frequent and hard rains, and for the same reason the weeds have gotten the better of the crops and garden truck.

The superintendent and principal of the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, with Mr. Thompson, of the Kansas School, were in Columbus, several days this week. Mrs. Dunham, nee Pearl Harrison, was formerly visitors' attendant at the school here. She was visiting her father, who lives over in Licking County. The party visited the Home, Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Dunham having special reasons for so doing, as she is furnishing a room there in memory of her mother.

Lincoln Coates, who was in the Athens Insane Hospital, died there

Saturday. He was an electrician, and those who know him say he was very skillful in that line of business. We do not know at what school he was educated, probably West Virginia. The paper says his relatives live in this city.

Mr. Elasco Burcham ended his fifteen days' vacation, and resumed work at the Institution, Wednesday. He passed most of his time in Scottown, his home. His brother, Grover C., who graduated here, June last, is working for a marble firm as a letterer, the same place he had last year. He had given such good satisfaction that the firm was very anxious to have him as soon as school closed.

This morning's Ohio Sun says: "Alice Williams, a deaf-mute, was picked up at the south gate of the statehouse yard, Friday evening, after suffering from an epileptic attack. She was removed to St. Francis' Hospital, where she was attended, but could give no account of herself. Her condition is not serious."

We do not know her nor is she among the pupils of the Institution. Miss Orpha Tong, who came to the city a few weeks ago from Indiana, has secured work as a folder the State bindery. A. B. G.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Florence and Robert Johnson, both deaf, under thirteen, of 301 Jackson Street, made a call on the Long children, at 817 Jefferson Street. The children are bright and are pupils of Kendall School, Washington, D. C.

The condition of Marshal Miller is improving, but he is not strong enough to be out.

The friends of Mrs. Sarah J. Roth are anxious to send her to the Home for aged and infirm deaf. She is middle-aged and is becoming deaf.

Lewis, Arthur and Isabella Long went to Penn's Grove, N. J., to call on their relatives, last Friday.

Lewis Long has recovered from his injuries. He looks all right, and has no trouble with his eyes.

Harry F. Smith, of Mt. Airy, was the guest of Charles T. Malone, 50 Washington Street, during the week of July 3d. On July 5th, they took an early car to Delaware City. A pass allowed them to visit the forts.

The Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of Philadelphia, has done good work in conducting the service for the deaf for many years. He closed the services here for the summer. We wonder what the deaf will do without services, while the hearing have services all summer.

Ephphatha Sunday.

The reason for giving the twelfth Sunday after Trinity another name, that of "Ephphatha Sunday," is seen by reading the latter part of the seventh chapter of St. Mark's Gospel. It is the gospel for the day, and is found in the prayer book of the Episcopal Church.

On that day, offerings are taken in the Episcopal Churches towards the maintenance of the work of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. It has been the custom almost from the day the work was begun by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., in New York City, nearly sixty years ago.

The day, which comes on the 18th of August this year, happens to be the thirty-fifth marriage anniversary of Rev. Austin W. Mann, the dean of the deaf clergy of the Episcopal Church, and general missionary in the middle west. He is senior presbyter, or priest, of the diocese of Ohio, with which he became connected by ordination on St. Paul's Day, January 25th, 1877. Only two or three clergy are ahead of him on the lists of the other dioceses of his large missionary district.

Making Baseballs.

The number of baseballs made every day at the present time in the United States is about 10,000. There are four large manufacturers—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Bridgeport, Ct., and one in Attica, Mass. The process by which the best quality league ball is made is interesting. All the work is done by hand. Machines have been tried repeatedly without permanent success.

The center of the best league ball is of solid rubber. Around this is wound about three ounces of Shaker yarn of the best quality, dampened. Then a covering of horsehide is put on. This completes what is termed the first finish. Then the ball is wound tightly with an ounce of the yarn, which is again wound tightly with camel's hair, to make it of a uniform smoothness. Over this is put the final covering of carefully selected horsehide.—Golden Days.

The Rev. William Crossman Otte, D.D., and the Rev. Austin Mann, M.A., were associated in a combined service at St. John's Church, Bedford, Diocese of Indianapolis, on Friday evening, July 26th, and pulled through all right despite the oppressive heat. The thermometer marked 97 degrees in the shade.

NEW YORK.

Complimentary Dinner to Douglas Tilden.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Wednesday, July 17th, Jacques Alexander, President of the International Deaf Artists' Club, gave a dinner to Mr. Douglas Tilden, F.R.S., of California, at the Wilhelmnia, 116th Street and Seventh Avenue.

MENU

Olives	L. N. Clams	Pickled Pickles
Consomme en Tasse		
Fried Fillet of Sole, Sa. tartar	Pommes Julienne	
Sweetbread Cuit a la Reine		
(St. Julien)		
Green Peas	Mashed or Baked Potatoes	
Young Vermont Turkey, Stuffed		
Compot	Solod	
(Champagne)		
Ico Cream and Cake		
Cheese	Cafe Noir	
(Perfection)		

After the cigars and coffee were passed-around there were speeches by each of those present. Mr. Alexander explained his meeting Mr. Tilden in Paris, and the friendship Mr. Tilden had for him while a student there.

Mr. Tilden followed with a speech showing what the public owe artists. "The men who make the world beautiful."

Mr. Fetscher, secretary of the new club, then arose and explained its object and ambition. As there are many inquiries as to what the new club is for, the following facts are given from his speech:

The club is an artists' club. It is hoped to make it international in character.

There are no dues or expenses whatever to its members.

The object is to cement together deaf artists, sculptors and architects, for social, business and educational advantages.

The members report such interesting art notes as come to their vicinity, such as world's fairs and interesting art subjects.

Should a member desire to travel he will be furnished with an introduction to members at the place he is to visit.

It will be seen the club supplies a long-felt want. It is as yet very small, and as soon as things shape themselves, more finished interesting objects for widening its scope will be arranged. The secretary will be pleased to hear from deaf artists, sculptors and architects, who desire to be enrolled.

Messrs Pach, Hodgson; Thompson, O'Brien, Lounsbury, and Dr. Fox, who were the other guests, each gave a short talk. Mr. Pach's talk on the text "No Admittance," was one worthy of being printed and framed. It was a Henry Ward Beecher sermon on the difficulties a deaf man has to overcome to gain recognition. At 11 P.M. the party broke up, saying farewell to Mr. Tilden, who left a few days later for his home in California.

The list of those present, besides President Alexander and Secretary Fetscher, were: Douglas Tilden, guest of honor; Alex L. Pach, Grand Ruler of the League of Elect Surds; Theo. I. Lounsbury, President of the Empire State Association of the Deaf; John F. O'Brien, President of the Xavier Ephphatha Society; Dr. Thomas F. Fox, President of the Metropolitan Chapter Gallaudet College Alumni Association; Frank B. Thompson, President of the Hartsdale Agricultural Society; E. A. Hodgson, Editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Mr. F. W. Nubser, President of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, was invited, but was unable to be present.

On the evening of Thursday, June 25th, a Memorial Meeting, in honor of the late Jacques Loew, was given at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. Friends not members of the Union League were cordially invited to be present, and the result was a gathering of ladies and gentlemen that filled the large room of the League.

The proceedings were begun by President Nubser, who gave in brief the main features in the career of Mr. Loew from the time of his birth in Austria until the end of his life in New York.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson responded to an invitation to address the meeting, and from an intimate knowledge of his departed friend, extending over a period of more than thirty years, was enabled to recount the many enterprising and charitable deeds which made Mr. Loew noted for business talent and generosity.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim followed with illustrations of Mr. Loew's worth and wisdom as a member of the Union League, exhibiting gifts which the latter had made to the organization, and giving examples of his fraternal feeling and social spirit as a member of the Union League.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach made touching reference to Mr. Loew's charitable disposition, and to his industrious and energetic life. He instanced the talent and inventive genius of the deceased, and held him up as an example for emulation both in the home and in the world of workers.

This concluded the formal part of the meeting, but a majority remained and engaged in conversation, in which regret that they would nevermore see their friend was mingled with admiration for his distinguished career.

The staunch little twenty-foot gasoline launch, "Kathleen" with Capt. Jim Mahoney in command, carrying, as passengers, Harry Pierce Kane, George N. Donovan, besides a crew of one, left Canarsie, Thursday evening for a short moonlight spin. Speeding at a fifteen-mile an hour gait, she scurried around Barren Island, well-known to New Yorkers and Brooklynites by reason of its odoriferousness, skirted the breakers off Manhattan Beach, where a grand view of the pyrotechnic display was had, skipped across to Jamaica Bay and explored the dark but mysterious waters of Old Mill Creek, where a stop was made for refreshments, and then sped back to the landing at Canarsie—a delightful three-hour trip. No incident worth entering upon the log occurred, excepting that one of the passengers unwarily sat down on a chunk of tar, and on attempting to rise felt such a tugging in the vicinity of the seat of his breeches, that he half imagined Davy Jones was trying to pull him down into his locker.

The Sixth Annual Outing of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club will be held at Monteverdes Grand Street Park, Maspeth, L. I., on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 24th, and promises to be one of the most successful and largely attended social gatherings of the year. A number of special features, including a tug of war contest between a team of Brooklyn Club members and a team of the New Jersey Club; also a most exciting two-mile run for a handsome and useful prize; fat women's race; one-mile walking match; a grand baseball game between the Brooklyn Club and members of the New Jersey Society; and other sports too numerous to mention, have been devised for the entertainment of those attending. The Club has authorized the committee, among whom are Chairman S. Rosenthal, Executive member, Frank Ecka, Archie McLaren, Thomas H. Melley and Frank Hayden, to spare neither time nor expense to make the affair enjoyable. If you have no ticket, ask for it now; or come right to the park.

Ephphatha Sunday will this year fall on the fourth of August (which happens to be next Sunday), and on that occasion the Gospel of the healing of the deaf-mute is read by the Catholic Church to the faithful of every nation throughout the world. Observance of the festival will be duly commemorated by the Xavier Ephphatha Society. Every Catholic deaf-mute of Greater New York and nearby suburbs, is cordially invite to join in making the festival memorable. Mass will be offered by the director of the society, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S.J., in the chapel of the College, 30 West 16th Street. All attending will, it is expected, partake of Holy Communion. The time set for beginning of Mass is between 9 and 9:30 A.M., affording ample opportunity for the deaf living outside the boundary limits of the greater city to leave their homes and reach College on time. Breakfast will be served following the Mass, concluding which, all present may be expected to join in and recall Auld Lang Syne.

Christian E. Vernon, went to Midland Beach to fish from the pier, having on a former visit noticed the good fishing. At high tide weak-fish bite best, he says, and he knows, for he caught fifty-one two and a half-pound ones. He used a medium sized sinker, three foot-leader and plenty white worm (three worms on the one hook) and a cork just back of worm bait to keep it above crabs, and reeling in the line very slowly all the time. High tide (two hours before and after) at evening is the best time. Coming home, his hat blew through the "L" window, and he is wondering if he had good luck. Hat cost two dollars.

Manager William Long has arranged to play a game of baseball with the boys of Newark, N. J., under the management of Mr. John Black. Mr. Long will announce the names of his team two weeks before the date. The game will be at the Picnic Ground, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Club, of

Deaf-Mutes. He expects to borrow uniforms from the Brooklyn Club, and also Mr. Black from the Newark Club of the Eastern League. John D. Shea will captain Long's team, and hopes to beat the Newark boys by a close score.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. LeClerc have returned from a week's stay at Lake George, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer. They had a great time while there, and one of the interesting things was that one day there was a hail storm, when the hail stones were almost as large as hens' eggs, and they were used in making ice-cream in place of ice. Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer have a twenty-one-foot launch and rowboat, and their own boat house on the lake, the water of which is so clear one can see twenty feet to the bottom, and also observe the finny denizens of the lake swimming about, as well as crawlers on the bottom. Charles LeClerc made some good catches with his rod and reel, and put his aim with the rifle to good use in the woods.

The Jersey Central's Atlantic City Special last Saturday noon carried four of New York's deaf fishermen, who took that train as far as Lakehurst, and then took a local to Barnegat, via Tom's River. Next day Capt. Horace Greeley Erickson and his crack-a-jack yacht took charge of the party, and when they returned to New York early Monday they carried four heavy baskets of weakfish. George S. Porter lead with 28, J. E. O'Brien 26, Alex L. Pach 25, and C. J. LeClerc, usually the champion, caught 15. The party stopped at the Mullen House.

The Metropolitan Club of Deaf-Mutes held its quarterly meeting on July 24th, at Luckmann's Cafe, Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and passed resolutions of sympathy on the death of Jacques Loew, who was a member and the first Vice-President of the Club.

William H. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., is in this city with his daughter, to spend a week's vacation. Sunday his daughter took in Coney Island and was in time to see the great conflagration there. Mr. Jackson expects in the short space of time to call on many of his old friends here.

Mrs. J. F. O'Brien and daughter Agnes have returned from a week's sojourn in Philadelphia, Pa., where she witnessed the grand Elk's pageant and electric display. She says it surpassed any parade she ever saw in Gotham, but it was hot—just hot.

John D. Shea and William Deegan were at Coney Sunday evening, to see the ruins caused by the great fire that wiped out Steeplechase Park and other resorts. Andy Banner and a great many other deaf-mutes were also there.

The fire at Coney Island Sunday consumed part of Louis Stauch's pavilion near the water front, but the main hall was not damaged. He is a brother of John Stauch and is known to many of the deaf.

George I. Lounsbury was the recipient of a couple of theatre tickets contributed by the American in the parks Sunday, to those who were lucky enough to bow to the proper persons.

Mr. Robert N. Stevenson is mourning the loss of his mother, who died on Thursday, July 25th. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon, July 27th.

Dora and Flora Hoffman, daughters of Fred Hoffman, have returned home from a two weeks' vacation. Dora spent hers at City Island, and Flora at Norwich, N. Y.

Rudolf Janik is visiting his brother at Frankfurt, Germany. In the fall, after visiting in Dresden and Berlin, he will return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Correll, of West Virginia, are located at 249 West 134th Street. In last week's paper the wrong number was given.

Mr. William H. Faruham has gone up State, on his vacation, to visit relatives at Little Falls, Ilion, and Utica, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Schafer and her sister, Mrs. Lowenheim and daughters, are at the Kipp House in the Catskills for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Kansriddle were visited by the stork, on Sunday, July 21st, and now have a baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, West Hoboken, took a trip up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie one day last week.

A handsome souvenir booklet is being issued by A. Capelli, for the picnic of the League of Elect Surds on August 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bothner's youngest son, Roland, has recovered from an attack of the measles.

Toddy S. Rose will go to Lake Placid, N. Y., for a month's vacation, beginning about August 1st.

Miss Annie Quinn's mother died two weeks ago, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery.

The father of M. R. Galland died on the 29th of April, and was buried in Washington Cemetery.

Charles Johnson is working for his brother, who is an importer of Smyrna figs, in Brooklyn.

Rev. John H. Keiser has gone to Manomet, Mass., for a vacation of two weeks.

H. Schuermann and B. Smith went with the Aeolus Club on their fishing cruise, on the 28th.

Miss Stella S. Hirsch is spending the summer at Lake Hopatcong.

BALTIMORE.

Saturday, July 20th, will be long remembered by those who went to Bay Shore with the M. E. Mission. Notwithstanding the threatening weather, a good many went and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. The various amusements were well patronized, and the owners did a land-office business. Many took a dip in the salt waters, while the more timid ones stood on the shore and enjoyed the antics of the bathers.

So successful was the affair that the mission has decided to give another outing at the same place, during the latter part of August.

Rev. D. E. Moylan was out of town Sunday, so Rev. J. A. Brankford conducted services at Entwistle Street Church, and had a very good attendance.

W. W. Duvall, Jr., of printing fame, is a daily visitor at our shop during the noon hour. He works in a large printing office within a stone's throw of our business stand. He is a bright and ambitious young fellow with a very bright future before him.

Miss Ella Spencer and her chum, Mrs. Mary E. Smith with her twin children, are spending the summer at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Tschiffely near Rockville, Md. They expect to return in time to attend the the State Convention.

Mr. James Blaine and Mr. Stewart, of Washington, D. C., were among those who attended service at the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Miss Maggie Perego and her favorite niece, Miss Elizabeth Smithson will leave August 1st, for Atlantic City, to spend two weeks at one of the leading hotels.

To show that it pays to advertise, we are receiving letters from deaf persons in other States asking for information about our next convention and hotel accommodations. They evidently saw our advertisement in the JOURNAL.

We receive information that Mr. W. B. Tyre, of Hidgey, had one of his thumbs cut by a rip saw where he is employed. While being laid off his employers are paying him \$20 per week and doctor's bill.

Mr. John E. Ray, principal of the North Carolina School, has consented to act as interpreter at our next convention.

In our next letter we will be able to chronicle the marriage of a prominent couple. We know the date and all, and the contracting couple begged us not to announce in the JOURNAL until after the nuptials.

Rev. D. E. Moylan is at present at Whitehall, Md., where he held services Sunday. Later he will go to Summit Grove Camp for a two days' stay.

J. A. B.

ST. LOUIS.

A party was given on the 27th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant in honor of their guest, Miss Fenton, of Tennessee, and a good time was had by the invited guests who spent the evening in conversation. Miss Fenton, who attended the Norfolk convention, is stopping for a short time in this city on her way to Colorado for a visit with friends. Among those present at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Trapp, Mrs. Harden, Misses Roper and Klug, and Messrs. Wolff, May and Steidemann.

The father of Mr. Henry Stampe died recently after a short illness, from cancer of the stomach. His son has the sympathy of all the deaf in his bereavement.

A report is current among us that Mr. Thraikill, of this city, was recently married on his Norfolk trip. Particulars will be given later.

S.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, deaf-mute of Ijamsville, Frederick Co., Md., preached before the congregation at the Centenary M. E. Church on Wednesday night. Rev. Moylan would explain with the motion of his fingers to Rev. Harold M. Rider who would interpret it to the congregation. Rev. Moylan was the guest of Jacob P. Bemiller, Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster, from Monday until Friday, also Kirk Reynolds, of Rising Sun, Md. He returned to Baltimore.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3:15 P.M.

August 4th, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

July 28, Holy Communion.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

July 29, '07.—The State Gazette of Trenton, N. J., on July 3d, reported the following: "Harry A. Smith, a well-known sporting writer of this city, who is now on his vacation, was badly injured last Wednesday, near his home in Rosemont, N. J. He was riding with a friend, when the wagon broke down. Smith was thrown under the horses, one of which kicked him in the breast, breaking one of his ribs."

Harry Aldridge, of this city, visited the following places—Plymouth, Jamestown, Norfolk, Va., and Atlantic City, and reports an enjoyable time.

Holy Communion will be celebrated at All Souls' Church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

About thirty-five deaf-mutes witnessed the Athletic-Chicago game at Columbia Ball Park, last Saturday afternoon. The total attendance was 20,414. Messrs. John Tarry and Thomas D. Delp came all the way from Upland, Pa., to see the game, which was won by Chicago.

The Athletics will play Cleveland next Saturday afternoon, weather permitting, and another great crowd will gather.

Word received from Isaac Deewes reports his safe arrival at St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Marion Zell, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Zell, of Manayunk, is spending part of her vacation at Paschall, Pa.

Mr. John McIlvaine, Jr., who has been visiting his parents at Washington, Pa., left on Saturday for Maine until the time of the Convention at Mt. Airy.

David J. Stevenson, ex-Steward of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was eighty-two (82) years old on Sunday. He lives at Primroses, Pa., about eight or ten miles from the city. Deaf friends here frequently visit him and he is always happy to see them.

John E. Clausen, of Bridesburg, a part of Northeastern Philadelphia, owns an electric launch, which he plies on the Delaware River. Three deaf-mutes of Philadelphia now own launches.

Report says that the home of the Irvin family in Camden, N. J., is visited by diphtheria.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Riggs returned to the city last Thursday, after an absence of six weeks, during which she visited Elizabeth, N. J., and nearby points.

The recent visit of the stork to the Moeller family in Camden, N. J., is the cause for the receipt of a great number of souvenir cards from friends wishing to congratulate the couple.

There will be an excursion by water to Woodland Beach on August 21st.

A moonlight excursion down the Delaware River will be given under the auspices of the Cleric Literary Association, on August 16th.

Mrs. Charles H. Sharrar left for New York last Friday, to visit her sister. She expects to remain away two weeks.

The Convention circular of information is not out yet, but it may be soon.

All Souls' is to have a little parish paper, to be issued quarterly, beginning with September.

AUBURN, N. Y.

There was the picnic of the deaf-mutes at Auburn on the 27th of July, and all reported good time. Among those present were:—

Auburn—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown, May Rosedick, Charles Winsor, John Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gordon, Flora Hall, August Kowald, John Dailey, Laura Wallace and Michael Chapman.

Syracuse—Mr. and Mrs. E. Murphy and children, Mrs. J. May, C. A. Ayling, Thomas Bremmer, Geo. Sullivan, Fred Sager, H. C. Rider, H. Rumrill, Carl Thompson, R. Conley, and Fred Foster.

Geneva—Mrs. E. J. Tuttle, Mrs. J. McClellan and her mother, and Mrs. J. Bewes.

Lyons—Mrs. P. Cuddeback, and Mrs. Rebecca Cross.

Mrs. Margaret Skelly, New York; Mrs. Tillie Hayes, Cato; Mr. and Mrs. J. Deshon, Union Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Dumont Dewitt, Owaseo; Mr. P. Cunnam, Skaneateles; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schouten, South Butler; and Mr. H. Freeland, Seneca Falls.

NOTICE.

At the last meeting, Electric Park or Kinderhook Lake has been selected for the coming picnic for deaf-mutes and friends, and the date, August 17th, has been fixed by the committee.

C. F. MULL,

Chairman.

When opinions clash, the sparks of argument fly about rather lively.

